Crop Circle Hair

One morning, my brother,

when combing his hair,

shrieked to discover

a crop circle there.

‘Aliens have landed,’

he moaned ‘in the night.’

But the rest of the family

just laughed at the sight.

‘It’s ruined my hairstyle,’

he grumbled. ‘Oh, well,

I’ll soon get it out

with my super strong gel.’

Next morning, he woke

with a pain in his head

and there, wrecked in flames

and untidying the bed

was a small alien spaceship.

My brother yelled ‘Yikes.’

It had gone to its doom

on his supergelled spike.

His hair, slightly singed,

was still smoking. Surprised

he watched as the spaceship

and crew vaporised.

But our parents, who gave him

no time to explain,

assumed he’d been playing

with matches again

and grounded him, now

he sits sulking, aggrieved

at being a victim

who nobody believed

and he plans, though the aliens

and spaceship are gone,

to sleep with his windows

shut from now on

Marion Swinger

Crop Circle Hair

Name \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Grade \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

1. What was your favourite part of the poem? Why?

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1. Match the poem word with a word which has a similar meaning.

Ruined Vanished

Aggrieved Destroyed

Vaporised Upset

1. Draw the boy after his crop circle hair cut and after the aliens landed. Please fill the box (no white spaces!).